

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL

FOREIGN NEWS.

TEMPERANCE IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE. It must be a source of gratification to the friends of Bowdoin College to know that there exists so healthy a degree of interest upon the subject of temperance among the students of the institution. Not only is the disposition manifest among them to sustain the cause within the college, but to aid it elsewhere. In speaking of the Cumberland County Temperance Convention, recently held in Falmouth, the Maine Temperance *Journal* says:

"A very interesting feature of the meeting was the presence and a word of cheer from a delegation from the Temperance Society in Bowdoin College, which was represented by three young gentlemen. All honor to Bowdoin for the noble stand it has taken in this matter. We believe there is no college in the land where a more controlling, healthful and salutary moral influence exists than in old Bowdoin. Temperance men may send their sons there with little fear of their being tempted into drinking habits and coming out defined with the elements of a drunkard, if not more. It was more highly displayed. The Queen and Court had arrived at Windsor from Germany. The Queen had scarcely recovered from her indisposition.

The *London Times* has an editorial article rejoicing at the fate of Gen. Walker, the filibuster, and defending him from the imputations cast upon him for surrendering Walker, who it had fortified by his own acts all the assurances he had ever received.

Punch has a leading picture in which (Punch) is represented as introducing the Prince of Wales to Miss Columbia, with the assurance that he don't get such a partner every day.

The *Times* correspondent says that the departure of the Pope's Nuncio from Paris was considered the forerunner of the departure of the Pope to France.

The same authority says that seldom has the spirit of hostility been so general in the church in France, and never was it more boldly displayed. Pastoral circulars, allocutions and sermons denounce and all but implore vengeance upon the Papal States, and by implication upon the Emperor himself. The whole prelacy is aroused from the soul of the country to the other.

Ital. Times says:

"The Paris *Patrie* says that as soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political authority, and assume the title and functions of Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of Southern Italy. He will exclusively occupy himself in preparing for war next spring, and will make an appeal to all Europe for volunteers.

The *Portland Advertiser* says that the Baving Brothers have made the Grand Trunk officers their "keepers" and agents for the rolling stock, which will continue to be used as heretofore for the traffic of the road. The business of the road never having been so good, so poor and flattered as at present. From the West it is crowding upon it beyond the ability of the road to transport, and the officers having charge of the freight department say that if two hundred additional box cars could now be added, the receipts could be run up at once to one hundred and five thousand dollars per week.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TRAFFIC. The receipts on the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ending Oct. 20th, were \$81,122.56; corresponding week of 1865, \$60,112.56; total receipts, \$21,677.40. The total receipts from July 1st to Oct. 20th, were \$1,045,186.45; same period last year, \$73,916.66. Increase, \$271,265.79.

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The Muse.

ITALY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
Voices from the mountains speak,
Appeals to Alpa reply;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old remembered cry:
She'll be free;
Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.
All the old Italian lakes
Quale at the shrill awakening word;
Content to her depth is stirred;
Mid the steeps
Where she sleeps,
Dreaming of the elder years,
Started Thrasymene's song;
Swings on, swift, Loris slow,
Send strange whispers from their reeds.
Italy.
She'll be free;

Sing the glittering brooks that slide
Toward the sea, from Etta's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain,
Brutus perished long ago;

Yet the living roots remain
Where the shade of greatness grow.

Italy,
She'll be free;

Sing the voices were they—
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his son's eyes,
With his own with gladness flash,
Never shall these, the father cries,
"Cringe, like a hound, beneath the lash.

Italy,
She'll be free;

Brooks to wear
Chains that, thick with solid rust,
Weigh the spirit to the dust."

Monarchs, ye whose armes stand,
Harnessed for the battle-field!

Pause, and from the lifted hand
Drop the bolts of war ye world.

Stand afoot
With the proof
Of the people's might is given;
Leave their thrones to them and Heaven.

Stand afoot and see the oppressed
Cry for help, and with fear,

Draw the misty valleys clear.

Italy,
She'll be free;

Cast the yokes we wear no more
To the gods that sleep her shore.

The Story Teller.

TENTY SCRAN.

BY ROSE TERRY.

"Patience hath borne the brunt, and I the stroke."

"I think she's a-sinkin'," Doctor," sobbed old Aunt Rhody, the nurse, as she came out of Mary Scranton's bed-room into the clean kitchen, where Doctor Parker sat before the fire, a hand on either knee, staring at the embers, and looking very grave.

Doctor Parker got up from the creaky chair, and went into the bed-room. It was very small, very clean, and two sticks of wood on the old iron dogs burned yellow gradually, and softened the cool April air.

Before this pretence of a fire sat an elderly woman, with grave set features, an expression of sense and firmness, but a keen dark eye that raised a question of her temper. Miss Lovina Perkins was her style, being half-aunt to the unpleasant-colored baby she now tended, rolled up in a flannel shawl, and permitted to be stupid undutifully, since its mother was dying.

Dying, evidently; she had not been conscious for several hours. Her baby had not had its welcome; she knew nothing, cared for nothing, but the chill of the blood that stood still in her veins, and the choking of the heart that hardly beat.

Poor child! poor widow! Her head lay on the pillow, white as the linen, but of a different tint—the indescribable pallor that you know and I know, who have seen it over a dear face—a tint that is best unknown, that cannot be reproduced by pen or pencil. Yet for all its pallor, you saw at once that this face was still young, had been lovely, a true New-England beauty, quaint and trim and delicate as the slate-gray snow-bird, with its white breast, and soft, bright eyes, that haunts the dusky fir-trees and dazzling hillsides when no other bird dare show itself—a quiet, shy creature, full of innocent trust and endurance, its chirp and low repetition dearer than the gay song of lark or robin, because a wintry song.

But Mary Perkins had never been called handsome in Deerfield; if they said she was "a real pretty girl," it only meant kind and gentle, in the Connecticut vernacular; and Tom Scranton, the village joiner, was first to find out that the delicate oval face, with its profuse brown hair, its mild hazel eyes, and smiling mouth, was "just like a picture." So Tom and Mary duly fell in love, got married—nobody objecting—went West, and eight months afterward Mary came home with a coffin. Tom had fallen from a ladder, been taken up and brought home dead, and she had traveled back five hundred miles to bury him in Deerfield, beside his father and mother; for he was their only son.

There was about a hundred dollars left for Mary. She could not work now, and she went to board with her half-sister, the Deerfield tailor.

Mary Scranton was only nineteen; but she did not want to live—not even for her baby's sake. All her sunshiny and strength went out of this world with Tom, and she had no energy to care to live without him. She did not say so to her sister—for Miss 'Viny would have scolded her smartly—or did she tell Dr. Parker; but she prayed about it, and kept it in her heart all those silent days that she sat sewing baby-clothes, and looking forward to an hour that should, even through a death-agony, take her to Tom. She thought the baby would die, too, and then they should all be together; for Mary had a positive temperament, without hope, because without imagination; what she had possessed and lost eclipsed with her all uncertainties of the future; and she thought seven times of Tom where she thought once of her child, though she took pains to make its garments ready, and knit its tiny socks, and lay the lumbering old cradle, that she had been rocking in, with soft warm wrapping, lest, indeed, the child should live longer than its mother. So she sat in Miss 'Viny's bedroom in an old rush-bottom rocking-chair, sewing and sewing, day after day, the persistent will and intent to die working out its own fulfilling, her white lips growing more and more bloodless, her transparent cheek more wan, and her temples, from which her lusterless hair was carelessly knotted away, getting more hollow and clear and sharp angled.

And now she lay on the bed, one hand under her cheek, the other picking restlessly at the blank—for consciousness was fluttering back.

"Give me the brandy, Aunt Rhody," said Doctor Parker, softly.

He poured a few drops into the spoon she brought, and held it to Mary's lips. The potent fluid stung the nerve into life again, and quickly the flaccid circulation; her thin fingers

lay quiet, her eyes opened and looked clear and calm at the Doctor. He tried to rouse her with an interest deeper to most women than their own agony and languor.

"You've got a nice little girl, Mery," said he cheerfully.

The ghost of a smile lit her face.

"I'm content," said she, in a low whisper.

Aunt Rhody brought the baby and laid it on its mother's arm. The child stirred and cried, but Mary took no notice; her eyes were fixed and glazing. Suddenly she smiled a brilliant smile, stretched both arms upward, dropping her baby from its place. Only for one moment that recognized look defied death and welcomed life; her arms dropped, her jaw fell—it was over.

"I guess you'll take the baby into the kitchen, Miss Loviny," said Aunt Rhody; then I considered lucky to keep 'em round where folks has died."

"Lucky a'n't anything," grimly returned Lovina, who had squeezed her tears back, lest they or that inclined to fall should spot the baby's blanket; "but I'm goin' to take her out into the kitchen, because I calculate to open the window in here."

So by dint of hard work, Aunt 'Viny brought up her dead sister's child in the way it should go, nor ever for one moment grudged her labor or her time. Neither did she spoil Content by overindulgence; her good sense kept the child unharmed, taught her hardy and self-reliant habits, made her useful all the time, and, even if Nature had not been beforehand with her, would have made her happy. But Tenty had her father's firm and sunny character, she never cried but for good reason, and then screamed lustily and was over it; frotting was out of the question; she did not know how; her special faults were a strong will and a dogged obstinacy—faults Miss 'Viny trained, instead of eradicating; so that 'Tenty emerged from district-school into the "Academy" higher honors as healthy and happy as Miss Lovina they were being illustrated in her own house after this fashion:

"Tenty," (three weeks had abolished the Miss,) "won't you give me that blue book off the shelf?"

Tenty sprang up and handed the book, and went to her work again, beginning under her breath to hum:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling—
"I wish I had a drink of cold water."

Jump the third; "Tenty finished her hymn on the way to the well, and brings the water, and holds the invalid up to drink it, and then the pillows fall again, and the book slips down, and everything goes wrong and has to be rearranged, and at length 'Tenty goes back to her place by the window quite disposed to sing, but glowering with a new, shy pleasure, for Ned had looked up at her with those great gray eyes that said so much more than his lips did, and laid his cheek against the studded hand that arranged his pillows, and said, "O, 'Tenty! how good you are!" in tones that meant "and how I love you!" as well, though he did not say it.

So matters progress from day to day, Ned finding more and more care, till he made his first progress across the room with a cane and the help of Tony's shoulder; after which experiment he began to recover rapidly, impelled by the prospect of getting away from that house and being sent to go where he chose again.

For 'Tenty had ceased to amuse or interest him as much as she had; six weeks had done away with the novelty of her deepening color and shaggy eyes; besides, she laughed less, almost ceased to sing, sighed softly, and looked quiet and grave, instead of gay and unconscious.

It was the old fable of sport to the boys and death to the frogs. She thought he was in earnest, but he never forgot her, and here was a little pocket; and finally, sobered by her stilled sobs, Ned bent down his handsome head, and said, softly:

"Won't you kiss me for good-by, 'Tenty?"

Dear me! of course she kissed him, and thought how good he was to kiss her, and told him. Whereupon he got better and better; and when the sexton came to ring the bell for nine o'clock, 'Tenty said she thought the boughs were all full!

Truth stern tutor of his historian, compels me to confess that 'Tenty and Ned Parker were sitting on the meeting-house steps most of that evening, in a touching attitude; for Ned was telling her his ship had come into port and was going to sail again for South America, and he had an offer to join her as second mate; so he had got to say good-by to his kind little nurse, and so forth and so on, with admissions never to forget him, and how he never should forget her, and here was a little pocket; and finally, sobered by her stilled sobs, Ned bent down his handsome head, and said, softly:

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